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Keep in touch with home news during
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Lee's Famous Words

Professor Charles A. Graves, of the University of Virginia, succeeds in proving a forgery the letter containing Robert E. Lee's famous saying, "Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language." Most of us will be greatly disappointed. The words are so characteristic, so in keeping with all we know of the man, and it sounds so impossible that any one feeling them could forge them, that we expect many will not believe even the strongest proof. To convince a man against his will is difficult, but to convince him against his sentimental prejudices is well-nigh impossible.

The Test of Patriotism

EACH of the numerous candidates for Governor of South Carolina and for the United States Senate are busy now on many rostrums proclaiming their patriotism and their love for South Carolina. All of them probably believe their words, and would protest feelingly against imputations against their sincerity, but so far none of the anti-Blease candidates has taken advantage of the opportunity to prove his patriotism. Yet it is easily done. With the opposition to Blease and the Blease candidates divided, the election of these men seems all but assured. The retirement of all but one anti-Blease candidate for the Senate would make Blease's defeat certain. The retirement of all but one anti-Blease candidate for the governorship would make the defeat of his henchmen certain. Those who rise to the opportunity will not realize their ambitions, but they will prove their patriotism.

Sir Edward Grey

THE Foreign Minister for Great Britain showed his calibre during the recent Balkan troubles. Sir Edward Grey did not accomplish all that he hoped for when he brought representatives of the warring nations into conference at London, but his efforts were directed along the right line, and were by no means without effect. Now he has taken the lead in an effort to mediate between Austria-Hungary and Serbia. If he succeeds, his fame will be secure for many years to come. That he will succeed in the end, despite Austria's war declarations, we cannot help believing, not merely because of the ability of the man, but because it is most difficult to believe that the nations of Europe will allow themselves to be drawn into a great and destructive war. The clouds are black now—they could scarcely be blacker—but it is inconceivable that the common sense of man will allow them to break.

The Southern Railway

IT WILL take greater proof than has yet been presented to change what President Fairfax Harrison rightly said is the sentiment of the South toward the Southern Railway, when in testifying before the Senate committee he declared that he is supported by "that great mass of people who have done business with us in the South."

The Southern people look upon the system of which Mr. Harrison is the head as peculiarly their own, and as a corporation whose interests and theirs are interrelated, and as a whole, they believe in it. President Harrison would have made a better impression, however, if he had not again, as he did once before at Lynchburg, complained of the hostility toward the railroads. That hostility is greatly magnified by railroad magnates, and where it exists, it is intensified rather than lessened by the disposition of many railway officials to talk about it continually and to assume that they cannot get justice. They would be better employed in denouncing the corrupt practices of some of their own fellows than in protesting against public denunciation of them. They would gain by preaching the gospel of good will and proving their sincerity by repudiating those acts which have rightly made for distrust. The country is ripe for co-operation between the railway officials of the Harrison type and the public leaders of the Wilson type.

The President's Health

DOES the nation guard the health of its President as well as it does his safety from personal attack? The answer is that not once, but several times, since he took the oath Mr. Wilson has been compelled to surrender temporarily to sickness and take a rest. He is not the only President forced to transient illness by ill health. Most of them within the memory of this generation have suffered more than the allotment of sickness to the average man. And there is every reason why this should be so. The President of the United States is probably the hardest worked man in the United States. From his waking to his sleeping moment, there are demands upon his time. We hear of the huge burden and responsibility laid upon the presidents of great corporations, railroads and trusts. But these are nothing as contrasted with the job of the man who has at least nominal authority over nearly 100,000,000 people.

The single strain of meeting daily visitors is a tremendous one. Then there are conferences with Representatives and Senators, each of whom feels he has a special mission fit to be discussed and argued with the

President. The President frequently must call party and congressional and business leaders into conference. That means keeping his faculties keyed up to high tension. Correspondence is in itself an ordeal. An alert secretary may weed out any number of superfluous letters, and there still will remain a formidable proportion for the personal attention of the "chief."

Problems in Congress, foreign policies, such as the Mexican, the West Indian and the Panama Canal tolls, all may press at once, and then there is the delicate and exasperating matter of political patronage, requiring all the diplomacy any man can muster.

Under such tension, it is not strange that Presidents wilt and age in a single administration, and require long rests. How we are going to lighten the burden is a quandary. The President's power and authority are such that he can neither constitutionally nor safely delegate either. It seems, though, that we ought to exact that the President shall not expose himself to a gruelling Washington summer unless it be unavoidable. It is a question if Mr. Wilson could not, in all safety, have spent the better part of the present season out of Washington with great gain to his health. His failure to do so must have cost him something, though the act is a tribute to his interpretation of official duty.

Legislators Not Abreast of the Voters

THE Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, or rather the subcommittee which has had to do with Mr. Jones and Mr. Warburg, discloses for the thousandth time that the legislative mind is prone to fall behind public opinion. Even if it were granted that these Senators are actuated by patriotic motives in making it impossible for Jones and Warburg to become members of the Federal Reserve Board, it is clear that their judgment of the trend of public opinion is at fault.

The average citizen has a notion that the government should secure the best servants available for all phases of governmental activity. He believes that Washington rarely gets the best talent for any specific work, because the rewards are poor as compared with those obtainable in private employ, and because the preliminaries to an entrance into the government service are so disagreeable as to be deterrent to the best men.

The almost universal feeling is that the new banking system should be started under the guidance of the most competent experts that the country contains. The plain citizen, being possessed of common sense, does not hope to find banking competency anywhere except among the men whose profession is banking at its widest or who have had to do with large financial operations. Therefore there is probably no thinking man in this country who in the candid chamber of his own mind does not believe that the country would be very fortunate to get both Mr. Jones and Mr. Warburg, for these men have just the knowledge and experience that is needed to start the momentous banking system into operation.

The plain citizen—that is, practically every nonlegislating man in the United States—is quite sure that high financial ability is not to be found except among bankers and business men. The banker or business man who has not had something to do with "trusts" cannot have had to do with anything but small affairs—and the new banking system is the biggest sort of big business.

But the senatorial committee does not seem able to force itself up to the level of public opinion. In the course of all these weeks since President Wilson nominated Mr. Warburg and Mr. Jones, these Senators have not been able to apprehend that the country thinks the selections are good ones. Mr. Jones's name has been withdrawn, and there is a possibility that Mr. Warburg's will be. The country feels that it has a grievance against those who are depriving the Federal Reserve Board of the services of these men, for there is no suggestion that there are men equally competent willing to make the sacrifice of taking these posts.

The psychologist would probably say that the official mind, except among the best men, tends to become institutional and therefore inhuman, and that this accounts for the members of the senatorial committee thwarting the public desire as they have done, not only to the country's hurt, but—it is safe to assume—to the detriment of their own political futures.

Dignity in Barnes vs. Roosevelt

AMONG the many interesting facts of the suit for damages instituted by William Barnes, Jr.,—it's about time he dropped the suffix—against Theodore Roosevelt, sometime President of the United States, not the least engrossing is the fact that Roosevelt and Barnes have changed places, the one occupying the position that the other normally should.

Mr. Barnes is admitted to be a "boss," a political boss of the so-called old school. He has never, so far as we can recall, occupied any office obtainable by the vote of the electorate. Mr. Roosevelt admits himself to be neither a boss of the old nor of the new school. He has held the highest office that the people have to bestow.

Therefore you could reasonably expect Mr. Barnes to comport himself on a much lower plane than Mr. Roosevelt. You find that quite the contrary is the case. The former President of the United States howls and rants about the iniquity of Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Barnes absolutely refuses to meet him on the ground of vituperation. Instead, he coldly instructs his attorneys to institute an action for libel against the former President, who persists in howling.

Now it need scarcely be said that The Times-Dispatch has no particular admiration for Mr. Barnes. But as part of the passing show it is not without interest or importance to note the difference between the attitude of Mr. Barnes and that of Mr. Roosevelt.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

Since the Irvington Citizen sees fit to ignore our challenge to it to prove two definite statements and confines itself to an attempt to prove a third, the only difference between us is as to the definition of the word "berate."

"Never mind the hot weather," says the Newport News Press. "The churches are as cool as the hotels and the private residences." How do you know?

Says the Covington Dispatch: "We want to congratulate Mayor Ainslie and Justice John, of Richmond, for the stand they took after their police force had done their duty in arresting deserters from the navy, and they had been made the subjects of abuse by some of the squirts who call themselves 'naval officers.' This is part of the outgrowth of our sometimes too democratic a system of government. Apparently, 'manners' forms an unimportant topic in the curriculum at Annapolis."

The resurrection of the Abingdon Virginian is welcome news to the press of the State. Charles Williams, the new owner and editor, is a stranger to Virginia, but hopes to make a place for himself in the press of the Old Dominion. He is welcomed by the newspapers and, we are sure, by the hospitable people of Southwest Virginia.

Editor Walter Addison, of the Lynchburg News, got back on the job yesterday morning.

The press of Virginia, in common with that of the country, sees nothing but calamity in a general European war. Late events have proven the truth of the old proverb of President McKinley that the people of the United States are not a warlike people.

Quoting a contemporary as saying that "the girls of to-day are unlike those of fifty years ago," the youthful editor of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says: "As to the girls of fifty years ago, we are entirely too young to speak, but the girls of to-day suit us right down to the ground." It can be said for the girls of fifty years ago, however, that it was not as easy then as it is now to tell whether they were suited "right down to the ground" or not.

"It's a common man who is not kind to a horse these hot days," says the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch. He is far too common.

If the Newport News Times-Herald will take our advice, it will stop calling attention to similarity of paragraphs in different newspapers. We tried it once, and in spite of the fact that we proved the contrary, we were accused of buying, stealing and otherwise securing our bright sayings without taking the trouble to make them at home.

The Portsmouth Star calls attention to the fact that "more than three-fourths of the extraordinary congressional session of seventeen months was actually occupied by the Republican majority in parliamentary obstructiveness, filibustering roll calls and all manner of possible delays that might retard and embarrass Democratic legislation, or better still, defeat it." And now they are crying that they need a rest. Most of them will get it after November.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

The Effect on the United States.
As for this country, the United States would have to suffer. It is a very short vision which sees in a general European war a quick market for our products and everything we have to sell at our own prices. It would be only a very short time before the buying power of Europe, under such an insupportable war load as the world had never known, would become exhausted. Our war market would soon disappear.

Europe's Awful War Peril.
Can Europe pay the costs of so great a crime? The German economist who estimates that a war involving the six nations would mean a military expenditure of not less than \$4,125,000 a day is probably not far from the mark. Yet even this appalling aggregate takes no account of the indefinitely greater cost of the interruption of industry, the losses from the withdrawal of 20,000,000 men from productive labor. The nations are already deeply burdened by the annual cost of military preparation, and a war would mean not a relaxation of the tension, but an immense tightening of the strain, and the irreparable destruction of billions in wealth. Commerce and finance are no longer confined by national boundaries, and the suffering would not be confined to the few, but must be born by the whole of the civilized world. Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Uncivilized Austria.

Where so much has been conceded by Serbia, where all has been conceded save its own independence as a nation, Austria cannot refuse mediation without the self-accusation of deliberately seeking war for its own selfish ends. It is a stand arraigned before the bar of civilization as a wanton provoker of widespread devastation for the gratification of an unworthy ambition.

This is an unthinkable position for any great civilized nation to assume in this time.—New York World.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Proved His Claims.

She looked at him doubtfully after the proposal. "The man I marry," she said, "must be both brave and brawny."

"Well," he declared, "I think I can lay just claim to being both."

"I admit you are brave," she responded, "for you saved my life when our boat upset the other day, but that wasn't brawny, was it?"

"It certainly was," he retorted. "I upset the boat on purpose."—Exchange.

Fine Arrangement.

A summer girlie likes a place
Where men in swarms arrive,
And all the other summer girls
Are over there.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Humorous Embroidery.

"My boy, I hope you keep the Sabbath."
"No, sir; it always slips away."—Boston Transcript.

A Pertinent Question.

"Try one of these cigars, old man; they're the best thing out."
"How are they when lighted?"—Exchange.

One Thing or the Other.

Scribner-England has discovered a new poet who is also a digger of sewers.

Wigwag—When he isn't laying a pipe, I suppose he is piping a lay.—Philadelphia Record.

Very True.

The Phonographist says, by feeling the bumps on your head I can tell you exactly what sort of a man you are.

Mr. Dolan—O! believe it wud give ye more av an odd avot sort av a whimmin nie wufe is.—Baltimore American.

Would Be a Relief.

It will be a relief if the New Haven can proceed by means of the dissolution, instead of the smash-up.—Washington Star.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Barbarous Europe.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—The people of the United States or "the States," as they like to speak of it, are regarded by many Europeans as barbarians. That we are "materialists" is their favorite charge. In view of President Wilson's masterly handling of the Mexican situation and the avoidance of war with that country and of the imminence of a general European war, the charge of being lacking in civilization falls to the ground. Fighting war and loving peace be "materialism." That charge is true. It is my conviction, reached without prejudice, that Europe is far from being civilized. That there should even be the menace of a great war which would drench a continent in blood and paralyze the industries of a dozen nations is proof of that. If Europe enjoys civilization and the United States suffers from barbarism, Jesus Christ was the chief of barbarians. CIVILIZED.
Richmond, July 28, 1914.

Likes New Make-Up.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Please accept my congratulations on the new arrangement of your editorial page. The entire make-up of The Times-Dispatch is better than it used to be, and the quality of your offerings show no depreciation. SUBSCRIBER.
Norfolk, Va., July 27, 1914.

What Europe Needs.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Europe needs a Woodrow Wilson. Richmond, July 28, 1914. SENEX.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch July 23, 1861.

The last dispatch from Petersburg last night reads: "To-day, the forty-second of the siege, was decidedly the most quiet of the campaign. There was scarcely any picket firing, and only two discharges of artillery during the whole day."

General Grant is still digging under Petersburg, or at least he thinks he is. Our men are digging all informed of the work that is going on, and they are getting ready for it in a way that will astonish General Grant and his mine diggers, when the time comes.

It would seem that some of the lurid predictions of the Philadelphia Inquirer of the 22d instant, which was received and read with a great deal of interest in this city two days ago, are likely to be realized soon on the north side of the James River. Hancock's second corps, which was on our front at Petersburg a few days ago, has gone to the north of the James, and it is probable that other forces have followed. An engagement occurred there yesterday afternoon, but no particulars have yet been received.

There is no additional news from the Valley, except a report that lacks confirmation, that in the battle at Kernstown the famous raider, General Averill, was killed. This is important, if true.

The New York Herald of recent date, a copy of which has been received at this office, says: "In the killing of General McPherson, Sherman has lost his best officer, and it is doubtful if he can get along without him."

The New York World says the death of General McPherson will prove a very serious blow to Sherman's operations in Georgia. The World claims that McPherson is really the man to win all of the victories in the West. It has made Grant famous. Later he became Sherman's best adviser, and it was he who led all of the flank movements that outwitted Johnston at Dalton and from there to Atlanta. McPherson was killed in attempting a flank movement at East Point, Ga., when he was attacked and killed by Hardee's men.

All of the Northern papers received in this city yesterday by the flag of truce boat admit the defeat of Crooke in the Valley, and they make it plain that Early outgeneraled him at Exeter.

Edmund Kirke and Colonel Jacques, who recently visited Richmond on a so-called peace mission, have published a card in the New York papers, in which they say that Jefferson Davis stated to them: "This war must go on to the last. The last man of this generation falls in his tracks, and his children seize his mission and fight our battle, lest you acknowledge our right to self-government. We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence, and that or extermination we will have."

Mr. Fessenden, the Secretary of the United States Treasury, has issued a proposal for a popular loan of \$200,000,000 at 7.50 per cent interest for three years, payable in greenbacks or convertible bonds at the option of the holder.

News comes that there is a conspiracy in Missouri to establish out the "Northwestern Confederacy." It is said that a number of prominent citizens of St. Louis have been arrested for supposed connection with the affair.

In New Orleans cotton is selling for 12 1/2 cents per pound in greenbacks. In that city gold has risen up to 22 1/2 cents and General Banks, becoming alarmed, has issued an order forbidding speculation in the precious metal.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

Sir Forcible Feible.

I propose to a recent note in the Query Column, I should be glad to have you locate for me "Sir Forcible Feible" in the English drama. I had long acquaintance with a gentleman frequently called "The Sir Forcible Feible of Virginia Politics," and I have always wanted to know exactly what the allusion was.

A. N. G.
In the name, the courtesy title, "Sir," must be matter of modern growth. We number in the list of our friends but one to answer to your call, Francis Feible, of that goodly array of "Sir Forcible Feibles" who were, and who are, Bull-Calf—provided for Sir John Falstaff by Justices Shallow and Silence in Gloucestershire. Sir John called him "Most Forcible Feible," and you may find him in Henry IV., Second Part, Act III., Scene 2.

Her.

Outside the winds are howling
And the trees are crying woe,
The freezing trees are growing
As they crack and groan and sway,
But within the fire is glowing,
And I sit, and nod, and dream,
Heating not the winds' harsh blowing.
For with every flick'ring gleam
Cheering visions on my beam.
Of Her.

What though the storm is raging—
Howling, howling, dancin' dree,
All my woes 'twilight's assuaging
While the fire leaps merrily;
Every flame says something cheerful
Ere it vanishes away,
So come, my love, be cheerful
When the visions come and stay
Through the night and through the day.
Of Her.

I awoken from my slumbers
To my drowsy rocking chair—
Rise to greet love's sweetest numbers,
Heard by mortal anywhere
With emotions throbbing, thrilling,
For there sits just over there,
Playing melodies heart-filling,
The loved one, leaning near.
Say—the form celestial fair
Of Her.

Am I sleeping—am I dreaming
By this leaping, dancin' dree,
Is she but a dream-girl beaming
With soft eyes in sorcery choir?
Well, perhaps dreams might deceive me,
But when she begins to sing,
I am near—near—near—near—near—
Sweet dreams away I fling.
Empty bliss real kisses bring
Of Her.

—Grant McGee.

WAITING



From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dr. Brady's Health Talks

Up Bright and Early in the Morning.

People in the smaller communities still adhere to the standard formula prescribed by some sort of old for those who would be healthy, wealthy and wise. But in the great centres of trade, education, finance and government there is a noticeable desire to let Old Sol have a pretty good lead in this matter of getting up in the morning.

During the pleasant summer months, especially when one is on a vacation and living in the vicinity of any sort of fishing, there is assuredly something tonic and bracing about the quest for the early worm. During the rest of the year it is hard to figure out any very weighty reason for leaving a nice, warm bed in the cold, gray dawn, at least, not from the hygienic standpoint. Now and then, perhaps, it may be well to break the bad habit of sleeping late, but on the whole it is the forty winks that promises the longer life. An extra nap after the first yawn, awakening may be counted as so much conservation of physical resources.

The Value of Extra Sleep.
It is fine to be old and gray and tell how little sleep you require. Old people can get along, chiefly on six or eight hours' sleep every night, because they need and nap so much in the daytime. Besides, they don't use up a great deal of muscle, nervous or organic energy in their comparatively sedentary life, so they require shorter hours for repairs.

Take a Shot at the Early Bird.
Babies and children sleep most of the twenty-four hours, and they look it. The "baby face," with fresh, clear complexion and bright eyes is pretty good evidence that the child is getting up early. Letting the sun win out in the getting-up contest every morning, early to bed and late to rise is the prescription that conserves vitality.

Poets and mystical lovers who sing sweetly of the cool morning dew and the awakening of nature and all that, write the songs by the midnight oil and eat breakfast along toward noon. In certain lines of business, industry and sport it is essential that one should be up bright and early in the morning. Even in the case of the free lance who works when he feels like it, the cool, still dawn sometimes renders it necessary for him to get out and leave the turf in order to obtain peace and quiet during the hours when the vital fire is normally at lowest pitch.—From 3 to 8 A. M.

Questions and Answers.

Mrs. L. H. asks: Please explain what aneurism is and whether it is incurable.
Reply: Aneurism is a disease of an artery, in which the artery wall balloons out at a certain point, and the gradual increase in size, due to thinning of the artery wall eventually causes rupture and sudden death from the internal hemorrhage. Surgical treatment may sometimes be successful, fully applied.

A mother inquires: If a child is exposed to whooping-cough how long will it be before the child begins to cough?
Reply: Ten to fourteen days is the incubation period. The child would not whoop for several days more.

C. W. F. writes: Please advise how one can have a turned-up nose and avoid the use of a rubber nose. By pressing back the nose, I can make it much improved. Can this result be made permanent in any way? I enclose sketches "before" and "after."
Reply: From the sketches of the "before" and "after" noses you include, I should say that you do not want to have the "before" nose. The "after" nose looks like an animal's snout. A good nose and throat specialist might carve your features to suit your taste.

Mrs. L. T. K. writes: Please tell me whether it is considered necessary to operate immediately on every case of "acute appendicitis." And must one go to the hospital?
Reply: I think most good surgeons at present feel that operation is safer than the uncertainty of nonoperative treatment, but at the same time it is not necessary to rush the matter. It may be delayed in every case regardless of the operation may be done at home, as well as in any hospital, if the home has ordinary improvements.

Dr. Brady will answer all questions pertaining to health. If your question is of general interest it will be answered through these columns; if not it will be answered personally if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Brady will not prescribe for individual cases or make diagnoses. Address all letters to Dr. William Brady, care of The Times-Dispatch.

He Would Find Out.

Henry Irving, in his early days, once played a part which in the first act called for a dark stage. In this darkness he fought with an old earl, threw him heavily, and, when he did not rise after the loud thud of his fall, Irving would cry out:
"Great heavens! What have I done?"
One night he played the part in a small English town. A stage hand was very much impressed with the play, and to him the scenes quickly became real, so that when Irving reached the climax, felled the old earl to the ground and spoke the line: "Great heavens! What have I done?" he was startled to hear the stage hand say in a loud voice:
"Strike a match and we'll have a look!"—New York Globe.

History May Repeat.

"Who smashed this vase?"
With a gasp the answer came:
"The lady cried: 'Some one shall catch it!'"
"Mother, 'twas I; I cannot lie."
I did it with my little hatchet.

Thus spoke Georgette, Mere child, and yet,
She owned up with no hesitation,
Who knows but she in time may be
The ruler of our mighty nation?
—Kansas City Journal.